


HANNAH COMES ROUND



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E.P.C. Welsh Drama Series, No. 18.

# HANNAH COMES ROUND.

A PLAY IN ONE ACT.

BY

G. J. GRIFFITH.



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no. 27

HANNAH COMES ROUND.

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*A One Act Comedy of Welsh Country Life under  
War conditions. First produced at Haverfordwest,  
St. David's Day, 1918, by the Celtic Amateur  
Drama Company, under the direction of Mr. H. E. H.  
James.*

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## CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY.

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HANNAH MORGANS, an old dame of 68.

MARTHA IFANS, a neighbour—a woman of 50.

CONNIE BROCKLEHURST, a young Landswoman.

Pte. DEIO MORGANS, D.C.M., Hannah's Grandson.

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*SCENE : Cottage Kitchen.*

*TIME : Afternoon in Spring 1918.*

## HANNAH COMES ROUND.

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*(Room is furnished in the usual Welsh style. On the right (looking towards audience) is a dresser with crockery. On the left is a fireplace, with fender, and a kettle on the hob. The mantel shelf has a varied selection of canisters and brightly polished tins. At the back is a small table with family Bible, a few other books and a bunch of flowers. A grandfather's clock stands near it, and by it a pitcher of water. On the wall are some cheap prints of the King and Queen, Lloyd George, and an Almanac or two. A round table stands in the middle of the room with an armchair by it and there are four other chairs. On two of them, standing back to back, between the table and the dresser, is a skein of wool and the half-wound ball rests on one of them. At the back in the right hand corner is a door leading in from the passage.)*

*HANNAH, dressed in typically Welsh country style, comes limping in, one hand resting heavily on her hip, the other carrying an egg, which she carefully places in a tureen on dresser.)*

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HANNAH (*with a sigh of relief*): Oh, well, there ! I've finished with the old fowls again till tomorrow. I do wish they'd lay a few more though, and them at 4d. each. Fancy only six in a fortnight ! I am thinking some of them must be laying out. There's plenty of room for them in the garden, goodness knows, and I can't get after them through the trash. 'Tis a pity, and such a nice garden it was too. But it can't be helped. I can't do it myself, and all the men are gone. (*Sits down in armchair on right of table and commences to knit.*)

Yes, I'll finish them by Saturday. Then Miss Jones the Post Office, will pack them and put on the directions and he'll get them, let me see,—Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday—yes, about Wednesday. Poor Deio bach will be glad to get them this weather. But he does get through some stockings out there. I can't think why he does not send some home to mend and he *was* such a careful boy, too. No time, no doubt. Fancy, the poor boy has been out there two years last January, and not even wounded yet, and the " crwt " \* used to be so lucky too. I wonder how he is, I can't get him out of my mind to-day somehow. It would be nice *now* if he had a *little* wound and came home to do the garden for me. I'd be much happier then. A

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\* Lad.



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garden is a wonderful comfort,—instead of depending for everything—(*knock at the door*)—Come in ! Hullo, Martha ! Is that you that is there ? Come in and sit down. How are you, Martha fach ?

(*Enter MARTHA, who is dressed in ordinary " going to the shop " style.*)

MARTHA : Pretty well. How are you this wet weather ?

HANNAH : Oh, as you see me ! The old bones ache a good bit at night ; but I manage to hobble about and do a bit of knitting.

MARTHA : Yes, indeed ! Well, there's room for it to be worse.

HANNAH : I don't grumble. I am thankful that the Chapel and the shop are close to the door. I manage to crawl down there so far.

MARTHA : Yes, you are lucky that way, indeed. Now, can I do something for you ?

HANNAH : No, thank you, Martha ; I don't think there is anything. Well, since you are so kind, perhaps you would wind that wool for me. I find it very tiring.

MARTHA : With pleasure, Hannah. (*Rising and commencing to wind the yarn.*) When did you hear from Deio ?

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HANNAH : Oh, yesterday. He writes every week, you know, except when he is too busy killing Germans ; then it is only an old ready-made post-card.

MARTHA : How is he keeping ?

HANNAH : He always says he is " in the pink." That means all right, doesn't it ?

MARTHA : Yes, yes ! Tom Penlan, who is courting our Lizzie Mary, you know—he always writes he is " in the pink," too, except when he is in hospital. Then it is " in the pink, considering."

HANNAH : Indeed, I would not mind if Deio was " considering " a bit too then. He might come home for a bit then. So you've been to the shop, Martha ?

MARTHA : Yes.

HANNAH : What news about the war to-day ?

MARTHA : Oh, nothing much to-day again, Mr. Jones was saying, only an air-raid that killed fifty people, the paper said, but he was sure it must have been five hundred, from what the wife of the brother of the guard of the goods told him. Thirty ships were sunk last week, and there is a big battle starting again, and the Welsh are in the middle of it. That's all.

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HANNAH : Deio will do some havoc now again then. No wonder they did not let him come home—could not spare him, see ? He fights terrible, does Deio. Last battle—you remember it was in the paper about him—when he won the medal, he killed heaps of Germans, and then carried the Captain on his back ten miles or more.

MARTHA : No, no ! It wasn't ten miles, Hannah. No man could do that.

HANNAH : You don't know our Deio. Don't you know that he carried a sack of corn with Ianto Good-looking sitting on it, up the stairs to the storehouse at Plasyrafon ? Yes, yes ! And he won a wager of half-an-ounce of Ringer's shag.

MARTHA : Perhaps so ; but it couldn't have been ten miles, Hannah.

HANNAH (*with emphasis*) : Yes, I tell you, Martha ! This is how I spell it out. Mr. Jones Shop told me once that the German cannons shoot more than ten miles—so there must be danger within ten miles of them, see ? Well, the papers said Deio carried the ossifer "out of danger." (*Triumphantly*) : Where are you now, Martha ?

MARTHA (*impressed*) : Well indeed, there is something in that too.

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HANNAH : Yes, yes, of course there is. Oh, I am proud of my Deio bach ; but I am dying to see him, poor boy. Fancy stopping his "leaf" after promising it three weeks ago. Martha ! Since last night I can't get him out of my mind. I almost wish he was wounded.

MARTHA : I would not wish that, if I were you.

HANNAH : That is what I was afraid of too. I was praying for the poor boy last night, and I was thinking, thinking about him till about two o'clock in the morning. He seemed quite real there in the room—I can't make out why—I trust nothing has happened to him. No, he'll be kept—poor orphan as he is. I cried for a long time, and I wanted to see him so badly I almost prayed for him to be wounded, that he might come home, but I stopped myself and I said, "Thy will be done." Yes, yes ! His will be done.

MARTHA : Don't you pray for peace sometimes, Hannah ?

HANNAH (*ironically*) : No, thank you, Martha ! No, no, we don't want peace yet. We want victory first. If you were at the War Savings meeting at the Vestry and heard Mr. Davies, you would not talk like that. Deio, too, says in every letter we must beat them—give them peace now ? They'd

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like it, no doubt, after all they have done with their old Zeppleens and Sumbarins. And look, Martha, what they did to the poor Belgians, the women and children—poor little things. The blackguards ! They must be punished. Peace indeed ! Ach y fi !

MARTHA : Well, indeed, if it lasts much longer, I don't know what will become of us. Food is awful dear. How do you manage ? I find it very hard.

HANNAH : With my bit of "separation" I manage to struggle along. They only give me 8/9 a week, and I am going to give sixpence of that to the War Savings ; but Plasyrfaon are very good to me. They haven't taken a penny rent since Deio went. They were very sorry they could not dig my garden for me last year ; but Mrs. George sends me some potatoes now and then, and I get a jug of butter-milk every week.

MARTHA : Do you get butter still ?

HANNAH : Yes, I get two pounds every three weeks. It is terrible dear, though.

MARTHA : You haven't tried margarine ?

HANNAH : Me eat merjerine ? Ach y fi ! No !



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MARTHA : Well, indeed, I got half-a-pound to-day. It tastes very nice too. They call it "The Partridge" I think.

HANNAH : I don't care if they call it "The Pheasant," they won't deceive me with their pretty names. Are you meaning to eat it, Martha ? Do you know of what they make it ?

MARTHA : I have some idea.

HANNAH (*with emphasis*) : Well, I know.

MARTHA : What is it ?

HANNAH (*slowly and deliberately*) : They make it of soap. Of soap, look you. Ugh ! Fancy putting soap on bread !

MARTHA : Oh no, no ! They don't make it of soap. What ever made you think——

HANNAH : I don't think at all. (*Sagely*) : A hint is enough for old Hannah. This is how it was. Mr. Jones Shop let it slip one day. He tried to call it back, but it was too late. He said that soap,—now listen, Martha. He said soap was getting very scarce, because they made it into merjerine.

MARTHA (*good humoredly*) : No, no, Hannah fack !

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HANNAH (*testily*) : " No, no " what, Martha ? —that's what he told me. I can believe my own ears, can't I ?

MARTHA : He meant that things that go to make soap are used to make margarine as well.

HANNAH (*triumphantly*) : There you are again ! Isn't that the same thing ? Yes, yes ! they make it of soap—Sunlight soap no doubt, and perhaps they put a little Lifebuoy in to get a bit of colour into it. I know their dirty tricks !

MARTHA : No, no ! let me explain. For example, they use palm oil to make soap and they also use it to make margarine.

HANNAH : Ach y fi ! Putting palm oil in food. They'll be using machine oil next and hair oil. What are we coming to ?

MARTHA : It is getting very serious and people are glad to get anything. In the towns they wait for hours for a few ounces of food.

HANNAH : What can you expect ? Putting a man from Rhondda Valley to look after the food—a kind of rich collier. Now, if they put a respectable grocer, who knew something about it, I would not say so much.

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MARTHA : Lord Rhondda is a very great man, and everybody says no one could do the work better.

HANNAH : He charges all right for his " culm " anyhow. (*Pause.*) Have you finished the garden yet, Martha ?

MARTHA : Oh ! dear me, no. I don't think we can set it all this year. It is too much for Lizzie Mary and me, and we can't get a man.

HANNAH : You should be glad you can get a bit of it done. A garden is a wonderful comfort for a poor body. You feel you own something. There is something behind you : you can watch the things grow. Oh, dear, my old garden is a wilderness now. I don't take any interest in the sunshine and the showers as I used to. Next to Deio's absence I feel the want of a garden most. It makes me feel very, very lonely.

MARTHA : I don't suppose you can get anybody to do it.

HANNAH : Wil Bensha the Rabbits did ask if he should do it, but you know Wil Bensha. I could not let a man like that come about the house, the drunkard that he is.

MARTHA : You are quite right, Hannah.



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HANNAH : Another thing, before a man of low character should help me to live I'd starve first—the scamp, asking to do my garden indeed !

*(She rises and proceeds to lay the table for two. She then goes to the fire and puts some more water in the kettle.)*

MARTHA : I hear the farmers are going to have some women to work for them. Twelve came to Trecaſtell by the laſt train on Saturday. They ſay they can drive a cart, plough, and every-thing.

HANNAH : The poſtman told me ſomething about them yeſterday. Did you ever hear of ſuch a thing ? They do ſay they wear men's clothes. Ach y fi ! We are getting more like heathens every day—yes, real pagans, to allow ſuch a thing

MARTHA : You are too hard on them, Hannah fach. Mr. Lloyd George has asked them to come and help to win the war, and they have come in their thouſands, many of them real ladies, and will ling to work like niggers.

HANNAH : That's all very well. I won't ſay a word againſt Lloyd George, but I am ſure he never asked them to dreſs like that. There is no ſenſe in it—the old Suffragettes ! I am ſurprised at any

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Christian farmer allowing them to come near his farm—but there, no Christian farmer will do it.

MARTHA : What can they do ? They must get the work done, and there are not enough men.

HANNAH : A precious lot of work they'll do. More likely they are going about to find some fools for husbands. I only hope that no farmer in Penueel will give them work. I'll get him "turned out"—indeed I will. But there, I'm certain Mr. Davies will not allow a thing like that. I don't suppose these women go inside a chapel. Real heathens ! I am sure.

MARTHA : Well, we won't argue about that. To change the subject, I hear Mrs. Jenkins, Tydraw, had a very big funeral yesterday.

HANNAH : Yes, forty-two traps and seven men on horseback, with a power of people walking. Well, you see how many relations she had, she was bound to have a big funeral, and—

*(A knock at the door.)*

HANNAH : Come in.

*(Enter CONNIE BROCKLEHURST, a prepossessing young woman, dressed in land-worker's uniform. She smiles pleasantly at the two women.)*

CONNIE : Good afternoon.

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HANNAH (*rising*): What is this, Martha? Hawyr bach!!\* Looks like a girl about the head.

MARTHA (*rising*): Good afternoon, Miss. (*To HANNAH*): It is a girl, Hannah, one of the farm workers. (*To CONNIE*): Nice afternoon, Miss, after the rain.

CONNIE: Yes, it is clearing up nicely.

HANNAH: Well, talk of the wicked one! Well! well! She has rather a nice face too,—what a pity, another one gone wrong.

CONNIE (*unheeding*): I presume one of you is Mrs. Morgan.

HANNAH (*talking to CONNIE through MARTHA*): She knows my name, Martha. What is her business with me? Did she drop from a Zeppleen, or does she want to buy a few eggs, or what?

CONNIE: I understand now which of you is Mrs. Morgan. Let me explain why I am here. I—

HANNAH: Tell her the way back is the way she came, or if she wants to go to Trecastell, the road is straight on. Tell her anything, but get her out of my sight.

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\* Heavens above.

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CONNIE : My dear Mrs. Morgan, I should be so glad if you would let me talk to you. I won't take two minutes to tell my story. I am sorry if I have upset you in any way.

HANNAH (*to MARTHA*) : Tell her to go on then, if she won't go out.

MARTHA : Well, Miss, please to sit down. Mrs. Morgan, as you call her, is not used to strangers coming in suddenly on her like this.

HANNAH : Oh ! indeed ! as if you were used to them. No 'pologies for me, Martha ! How many strangers do you get in Pencwm I should like to know ?

*(She sits down, left of table.)*

CONNIE : I am told, Mrs. Morgan, that you have a grandson out fighting.

HANNAH (*interested and off her guard*) : Do you know Deio ? Have you seen him ?

CONNIE : No, but I have heard a lot about him since I came to the district. They were talking of nothing but his D.C.M., even in Trecastle. I should like to shake you by the hand about him. He is going to be made a freeman of Trecastle, isn't he ? (*She crosses over to HANNAH.*)

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HANNAH (*gives her hand half-reluctantly*) : We shake hands in Wales when we meet, not half way through like this. Do you know anything about the Army ?

CONNIE : Not much. I have two brothers fighting, though.

HANNAH : Is one of them a sniper ?

CONNIE : No, why ?

HANNAH : There you are again ! Two brothers in the Army and not one a sniper. My Deio has been made a sniper. Now what is that ?

CONNIE : A picked man for shooting. He goes out and lies down where he can see plenty of Germans and shoots at them.

HANNAH : That will suit Deio exactly. He used to lie down and shoot rabbits when he was only 15—a rabbit every shot, sometimes two. So that he is doing nothing now but shooting Germans all day. I can see them falling now. Good ! Deio bach.

CONNIE : Well, Mrs. Morgan——

HANNAH : Call me Hannah—Hannah fâch ! I am not used to these falderals. I don't know your name Miss.

CONNIE : My name is Connie Brocklehurst.



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HANNAH : Good gracious ! I can never say that.

CONNIE : You can call me " Connie " since you let me call you " Hannah Fâck."

HANNAH (*to* MARTHA) : She is very slow getting on with her story, Martha. I am afraid she is going to stop here. She spoke very nice of Deio though.

CONNIE (*laughing*) : No ! No ! I don't intend to stop here, though I shall stay in the district some time, and because your brave boy is out fighting I want you to let me do your garden for you.

HANNAH : Dig my garden, eh ? Ask her, Martha, if she hasn't got a garden at home to dig.

CONNIE : Oh, yes, we have a fairly large garden. We have two old gardeners and they have taught me all about it.

HANNAH : Martha, two gardeners ! She must be a lady.

MARTHA : Yes, and a very nice young lady, too, in my opinion, or she would have left you long ago, after the way you have treated her.

HANNAH (*perplexed*) : Well, well, well ! Are you going to stop round here over Sunday ? What chapel do you go to when you are at home ?

CONNIE : I am a Presbyterian.

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HANNAH : What can that be, Martha ?—some sort of Roman Catholics no doubt. I know Baptists, Methodists, Independents, and the Church, but this,—what did you call it ?

CONNIE (*laughing*) : Presbyterian.

HANNAH : You are sure it is some kind of chapel—not the living pictures, or something like that ?

CONNIE : This is really too funny for words. The Presbyterians are very like the Methodists. I notice you have no Presbyterians about here, but in England they are pretty strong.

HANNAH : Well, indeed, the longer one lives, the more one hears. I am surprised after all. Um—pity you wear those old clothes, Miss.

CONNIE : I am sorry you don't like them. I think myself they are rather neat. We women who work on the land must wear what suits the work best. Well, we won't quarrel about that. Now, will you let me do your garden ?

HANNAH : I don't think I will trouble you.

CONNIE : I can assure you it will be a pleasure. Now I am certain you want to win the war. Your boy is doing his best, but he and the others out there can't win it alone. His dear old Granny can help him as every woman in the land can help.

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HANNAH : Can I help to win the war here at home ?

CONNIE : Yes, my dear Hannah. In fact, it depends on you and all of us women at home. The Germans want to starve us, and every foot of ground that can be tilled must grow food. By doing that and saving food we shall win. Without that, our soldiers and sailors, brave as they are, can't win. We must grow more in quantity and growl less about the quality. We must give our boys the best and take the rest ourselves. For example we must give them the butter, if there is any, and eat margarine ourselves.

HANNAH : Merjerine ! Never !

CONNIE : Yes, I have eaten margarine for the last eighteen months, and I don't look very bad on it, do I ?

HANNAH : Why do you do it when you can afford butter ?

CONNIE : For the same reason, Hannah Fâck, as I am working on the land—because by doing so I am helping to beat the enemy.

HANNAH (*meditatively*) : You don't really mean that, Miss ?

CONNIE : Honestly and seriously, I do.



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HANNAH (*thoroughly roused, to MARTHA*): Martha ! No more butter for me till the end of the war ! I'd eat—I'd eat—I'd eat sawdust mixed with pigmeal to help Deio to beat the Germans—the blackguards !!

CONNIE : Good, Hannah Fâck ! Now what about the garden ?

HANNAH (*undecided*) : Um—where do you stay, Miss ?

CONNIE : Up with Mr. George. I hope to be there to the end of the war.

HANNAH : With Mr. George, Plasyrafon ? Has he—a Deacon at Penuel, employed you ?

CONNIE : Yes, of course. Why not ? I think I met your Minister up there, too, Mr. Davies, isn't it ? A very nice man. I am going to hear him on Sunday, though it is a Welsh service. He promised me a few sentences in English, and he said he'd give me quarter of the sermon and two English hymns, if I persuaded Hannah Fâck to let me do her garden for her.

HANNAH : Well, well—if I never was ! Mr. George and Mr. Davies allowing this sort of thing and encouraging it ! This is a strange world !

CONNIE : You are willing, then ?

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HANNAH : Martha, what shall I do ? Can I trust my garden to her, do you think ? Do you know anything about it, Miss ? How far do you put between the potatoes ?

CONNIE : I shall do exactly as you like and put them where you want to. I generally set them about that much apart (*showing about fifteen inches on her arm*).

HANNAH : The very distance ! Well, if I never was ! It's only potatoes you can set, I suppose ?

CONNIE : Oh, dear me, no ! anything you like to mention—carrots, beans, cabbages, parsnips, anything.

HANNAH : Ah ! just what I thought, Martha—she never mentioned onions. They are very tricky, poor John, my husband, used to say ; but he was a dab hand at them. He always beat the the Frenchman's onions. He was so proud of them, too, and I am very fond of a little onion—but she can't do it.

CONNIE : Onions ! of course I can. How did your husband do them ? Didn't he dig deep, put in plenty of manure and a little lime ? Then he'd sow the seed in a box and transplant the young plants to the plot ?

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HANNAH : Well, if I never was to move ! Martha, did you hear that ? This is wonderful, and only a girl, too. Well, now then Miss. How much will you want for the work per day ? Two shillings a day and food they used to pay about here, and three shillings without food.

CONNIE : All that is settled, Hannah. Mr. George will lend me to you. I am going to look after your garden, sow it, weed it, and help you to dig the potatoes and stuff. You should be able to sell £2 or £3 worth. Every ounce of it will be wanted.

HANNAH : Perhaps I could keep a pig again, too. Do you know, Miss, a pig is a wonderful companion to a lonely old woman. I'd talk to him for hours over the wall of the sty, and then I would not miss Deio bach so much. I hope you'll let me keep a pig. We could use the rotten potatoes for him.

CONNIE : In fact, Hannah, it would be splendid if you kept a little porker. He would come in very useful next winter.

HANNAH : Indeed, Miss, I never thought I'd come to like you, but you've made me come round. (To MARTHA) : She has a wonderful taking way with her, Martha. (To CONNIE) : Yes, Miss, you'll

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get your quarter of a sermon and two hymns on Sunday. Mr. Davies is a real old wag, though. I hope you have other clothes to go to chapel.

CONNIE : Of course I have, Hannah ; you won't know me next Sunday.

HANNAH : One thing, Miss,—will you sit in my pew ?

CONNIE : Certainly, if it will please you.

HANNAH : And share my hymn-book ?

CONNIE : Nothing will give me greater pleasure.

HANNAH : Well, Mari Tycornel will go blind with jealousy. Now, let's go and see the old garden.

CONNIE : Oh ! I had a good look at it before I came in. I must go now. I shall be down early to-morrow morning to make a start. Good afternoon, both.

HANNAH and MARTHA : Good afternoon, Miss. (*HANNAH shows her out and makes a curtsey.*)

MARTHA : Well, I think I'll go now, too.

HANNAH : No, no ! stop a few minutes and we shall have a cup of tea. I don't see many people and I am so glad when some one calls to get a little news.

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MARTHA : I should think you have had enough for one afternoon. You are lucky to get your garden done like that. (*Both sit down.*)

HANNAH : Yes, indeed. She got me round fair. I think she'll do it, too. She is one of the real stamp. When she was talking I felt prouder than ever that I was a woman.

MARTHA : We ought to be thankful for women of that sort. (*Looks suddenly towards door.*) Some one is coming.

(DEIO, in full trench outfit bursts into the room without knocking, stops in the middle and salutes, laughing quietly all the while.)

DEIO : Hullo, people !

MARTHA and HANNAH (*Confused exclamations of surprise, among which HANNAH is heard to say*) : Deio bach, of all people in the world. This is a day.

DEIO : How are you Granny ? (*embraces her*)—and you, Martha Ifans ? (*Shakes hands.*)

HANNAH : Well, my dear boy, why didn't you send you were coming so that I could get something in ready,—but I have a box of salmon in the house.

DEIO : There was no time to write. They said I could go for fourteen days, and before they had



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finished saying " go " I 'opped it. I was not going to be disappointed again. Not likely ! (DEIO *throws down his equipment.*)

MARTHA : I am going now. You have plenty of company now whatever, Hannah. Mind to come down some afternoon, Deio. Good-bye now. I *am* glad to see you.

DEIO : Yes, I'll call round. Remember me to Lizzie Mary. Good-bye. (*To HANNAH*): Well, Granny, you look better than ever. (*DEIO and HANNAH sit down.*)

HANNAH : I can't say that I don't. If I look anything like what I feel I must be looking exactly as I did the day I got married. I don't know whether to laugh or cry. That's how I felt then. You must be tired, machgen i.\* Did you walk through the wet old fields ? You are very dirty about the feet.

DEIO : I came straight from London to-day to Trecastell, and then by the Aberdawel Bus to the Cross.

HANNAH : Deio ! Deio ! You did not come through London with those dirty boots !

DEIO : Why not, Granny ? It's mud from the trenches. I am rather proud of it.

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\* My boy.

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HANNAH : From the old trenches ! Well, well ! You think you will beat them in the end, Deio ? You must be proud to win that medal. What did you do ?

DEIO : Oh ! nothing much. Just what hundreds more are doing out there every day, only I happened to be seen. What's the news, Granny ?

HANNAH : I don't know where to start. I had such a lot to tell you, but it has all gone out of my head. Oh ! Deio, I shall have the garden done this year.

DEIO : Yes, I'll do it now.

HANNAH : No, no ! machgen i ; you'll have a holiday.

DEIO : Who's doing it then ?

HANNAH : You wouldn't guess till Christmas. A young lady who works on the farms is going to do it—a very nice young lady.

DEIO : When is she starting, Granny ?

HANNAH : To-morrow morning.

DEIO (*rising and whistling meaningly*) : Ho ! ho ! (*He makes a pretence of brushing himself and making himself more presentable.*)

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HANNAH (*shaking her finger playfully at him*) :  
Now, Deio ! she is much too high for you—a real  
lady, mind you.

DEIO : Oh, that is all right Granny. I only  
meant I should be able to help her a bit. Now I  
think I'll change. I want to get out of these, I  
haven't had them off for a week.

HANNAH : You will find everything ready aired  
for you in the old place, my boy. I'll get tea ready  
in a wink.

DEIO : I shan't be ten minutes, and then we shall  
go over all the news. (*He goes out.*)

HANNAH (*meditatively*) : Deio has come home  
again. Well, well ! No wonder I was restless  
about him all day. I can see it all now. Oh, there's  
proud I shall be next Sunday—(*sitting down and  
anticipating the scene*)—with Deio bach sitting on  
one side of me and my new gardener on the other.  
I am afraid Mari Tycornel will have a fit.

CURTAIN.



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